Pedvl. Why?
Pedro. You'l find a fidle that neuer will be tun'd else
from all such women deliuer me. — Exit Pedro
Enter Row. What ayles the fellow trow? Iaques
Iaques your freind Sir, but very full of busines.
Row Nothing but busines
prethee thy reason; is there anie dying?
Iaq. I would there were Sir.
Row But thy busines?
Iaq. Ile tell you in a word, I am sent to lay
an imposition vpon sowse and puddings,
pasties, and pennie custards, that the women
may not relieue you rebels. fare you well Sir.
Row. How does thy Mistris?
Iaq. Like a restie iade
Shee's spoyl'd for ryding. — Exit
Row. What a diuell ails they?
Custards and pennie pasties, fooles and fidles
What's this to th'purpose? o well met — Enter Sopho.
Sopho. Now Rowland, I can not stay
to talke long.
Row. What's the matter?
here's stirring, but to what end? whether goe you?
Sopho. To view the workes.
Row. What workes?
Soph. The womens trenches.
Row Trenches, are such to see?
Soph I doe not list Sir.
Row. I cannot vnderstand you.
Sopho. Doe not you heare
in what a state of quarrell the new bride

Stands

stands with her husband
Row. Let him stand with her, and there's an end.
Sopho. It should be, but birlady
she holds him out at pikes end, and defies him,
and now is fortifyd, such a regiment of Rutters
Neu'r defide men brauer. I am sent
to view their preparation.
Row. This is newes
Stranger then armies in the aire, you saw not
my gentle Mistris.
Sopho. Yes, and meditating
vpon some secret busines, when she had found it
she leapt for ioy, and laught, and straite retird
to shun Moroso.
Row. This may be for me.
Sopho. Will you along?
Row. No.
Soph. fare you well. Exit Sophocles.
Row. Fare you well Sir.
What should her musing meane, and what her ioy in't?
if not for my aduantage? stay, may not
that bobtaile iade Moroso, with his gold
his gew-gades, and tho hope she has to send him
quickly to dust, excite this? here she comes. Enter Liuia, and
& yonder walkes the stallion to discouer Moroso as vnseene by her
yet Ile salute her: Saue you beauteous Mistris
Liuia The fox is kennell'd for me, saue you Sir.
Row. Why doe you looke so strange?
Liui. I vse to looke, Sir, without examination.
Moroso. I thanke thee for that word,
Row. Belike then

The